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John Hooper Reed
- birthday present from
his grandmother -
1880.

octol vol.

LESSONS

WITHOUT BOOKS.

B.L.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF 'THE BEATITUDES.'

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'Do you ask, then, what will educate your son? Your example will educate him; your conversation; the business he sees you transact; the likings and dislikings you express; these will educate him; the society you live in, will educate him.'

MRS. BARBAULD.

VOL. II.

649

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY L. C. BOWLES,
M DCCC XXX.

John H. Reid
237.921
Oct. 18. 77

DISTRICT OF MASSACAUSETTS, *to wit:*

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the 3d day of May, A. D. 1830, and in the fiftyfourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, LEONARD C. BOWLES, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

Lessons Without Books. By the author of the Beatitudes.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled 'An act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and also to an act, entitled 'An act supplementary to an act, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning by securiug the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;" and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.'

JNO. W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

BOSTON:

WAITT & DOW'S PRINT, 122 WASHINGTON STREET.

CHAPTER XI.

In the year preceding that, in which the scenes which I have been relating, took place, Emily received a present of some flower roots, consisting entirely of bulbs; never having seen such before, she regarded them much as an ignorant man would regard a piece of ore, not knowing that it contained a vein of precious metal. 'Mother,' said she, 'since Aunt Clarkson was so kind as to send me roots from such a distance, I wonder that she did not select a rose, or geranium, or something that looked like a flower, instead of a turnip or potato.'

Mrs Cleaveland forbore to inform

Emily what the root was, but told her that since it had come from her Aunt, she must believe that it was valuable, for some purpose or other; and put it into the ground, exactly according to her instructions.

'I must have faith, I suppose,' said Emily, 'but it will be faith according to the definition of the deaf and dumb.'

'What is that?'

'Father told us the other day, when he was explaining the difference between faith and knowledge, that if they wish to express faith, they nod their heads, or give assent with their eyes shut; but, on the contrary, in order to signify knowledge, they nod with their eyes wide open.'

'Well, perhaps you will have your eyes wide open, by and bye, upon

something that you will be very glad to see, if you take good care of these unpromising bulbs.'

They were accordingly committed to the ground, early in September, soon after they were received; and Emily was told that she must not expect to see any thing of them until Spring.

'I declare,' said Frank, 'I would not give one snap for any thing that I had got to bury all up in the ground, and not see again until Spring. I hope you will give them honorable interment,' added he, making use of a phrase which he had caught from a newspaper, the evening before. Then when he saw his mother, driving into the ground, a stick, upon which was written only, 'The bulbs,' he called it their tomb-stone; and re-

marked that for his part, he had no fancy for funerals.

'I suppose not,' said his mother; 'I dare say you would not accept a bulb, if I should offer it to you. Come now, here is one that has been overlooked, and I will give it to you for that little pie, that Becky baked for you to day. Will you trade with me, as the country folks say?'

Frank hesitated a moment—'will it ever be a flower?' said he.

'Yes.'

'A pretty one?'

'Yes.'

'But not until next Spring?'

'No.'

'I had rather have my pie; I don't like waiting for things.'

'Then I will give it to your friend, Charley Mason. Here Charles, will

you give up your pie for this flower-root, which I can assure you, will produce a handsome flower, another year, if it should live.'

'O yes,' said Charles, 'I should like to have it very much;' and the bargain was completed at once; the pie being immediately transferred to a little ragged urchin at the gate, who received it most gratefully.

Emily's roots, in the Spring, were seen to shoot forth leaves; by and bye, a stalk upreared itself from the centre, sustaining a single bud, which was watched, by Emily, with a degree of interest, that made her forget all her other flowers.

This was the mysterious flower, or rather bud, to which Henry referred, and now it was found, by the youthful party, fully unfolded—a beautiful white lily.

'How beautiful!' was exclaimed by all; and after gazing at it a moment, Emily ran in, to beg that her mother would come out and see it.

Meanwhile, Louisa, who was a very careless child, and full of impetuosity, capered about in admiration, until she unfortunately brushed the stalk with her clothes, in such a manner as to break it off; and then in her confusion, trod upon the lily as it fell, so as to deface all its beauty.

Just then, Emily returned, accompanied by her mother; and no wise, reflecting mortal, ever had a keener sense of the uncertainty of every thing earthly, than possessed her at that moment. Though she was one of 'the happy spirits,' and could sustain the ordinary trials of life remarkably well, she could not forbear a tri-

bute of tears to her fallen favorite. Every one sympathized with her, because her sympathy was always quick and active for others, and poor Louisa was deeply distressed, though her attention was considerably diverted from her own grief by her astonishment that Emily was not angry with her.

For the first time, Frank now remembered the bulb which his mother had offered to him, and wished that he had accepted it. Just then Charles Mason was passing by, and seeing the gathering in the garden, stopped to inquire the cause. No sooner was he informed of Emily's loss, than he ran off hastily and very soon returned with his own root, which had been placed in a box.

'Here Emily,' said he, 'you are

welcome to my plant, and I am glad I have it for you, to pay for your helping me make my kite, when I got into such a worry about it. It can stand close by the other, and this bud is almost blown.'

Frank loved his sister dearly, and he now deeply regretted that he had not such a gift to bestow upon her. Emily, however, declined taking it. She would only consent to have it remain on her bed a few days; for said she, next summer mine will blossom again. By this time she had wiped away her tears, and they all proceeded to walk about the garden.

'I wonder why you did not get angry with me,' said Louisa; 'I am sure I should have been angry with any body that had broken my flower.'

'Then you would have been more

in fault than the person who broke your flower,' said Mrs Cleaveland, 'if she did not do it on purpose. It is not nearly so bad to crush a flower, which in itself has no sensitiveness, although we may have a great deal, about it, as it is to wound the feelings of a human being, who has not intended to do you any wrong.'

'But suppose I were again guilty of a similar piece of carelessness.'

'Ah! then, indeed, Emily might justly reproach you, because after such a warning, she has a right to expect that you will be very careful not to inflict upon her another misfortune of the same kind.'

'How beautiful my pinks are now! said Emily. 'I have been so taken up with my lily, that I have hardly observed them for a long time.'

'Then, perhaps, your lily is not so great a loss as you suppose, Emily,' said her mother. 'It often happens, that when some favorite object is removed, or some fond wish disappointed, we find ourselves beginning to value other things, which, before, had been almost totally disregarded.'

'If all our flowers were taken away,' said Louisa, 'we should wonder, I suppose, that we had not thought more of them. Don't you think, Aunt Cleaveland, that it was very kind in God to put flowers in the world—because they are not necessary, you know.'

'Yes, dear, I regard them as beautiful expressions of God's love and beneficence. You and Emily were talking the other day of the language of flowers, and looking over "Flora's

Dictionary." Their vocabulary is even more significant in religion, than in love—they speak to us, in the most touching manner, of a Being "whose tender mercies are over all his works."'

CHAPTER XII.

Sunday came, for the first time, after Henry's return and Louisa's arrival. Louisa's mother was a woman of fashion, too much occupied with the vanities of the world, to attend much, either to the religious, or intellectual cultivation of her only child. She had, however, been herself educated religiously in New-England, the land of her birth; and the effect of early habits and impressions was never entirely effaced. With an inconsistency, by no means uncommon, while her own Sabbaths were spent in frivolity, she was anxious that Louisa should learn to regard them

as holy time. But according to her view of the subject, nothing more was necessary to the discharge of this duty, than was effected by depriving Louisa, on Sunday, of all her usual occupations and amusements, without taking the least pains to provide proper substitutes—without ever directing the course of her pursuits, or showing the least interest in them. It was not strange, then, that Louisa's associations with the Sabbath, were all of privation and restraint.

'O dear,' said she, as she waked up in the morning, 'today is Sunday, and it will put a stop to all our pleasures.'

'Oh no,' said Emily, 'we have very pleasant times Sunday.'

'Seems to me, you always have pleasant times here; but I shan't be-

lieve that your Sunday is pleasant, until I have tried it; for it is always a dreadful day to me. I can't read stories, play with my dolls, or run about out of doors; and except when at church, I am shut up all day—as much as if I were in prison, without any thing to do.'

'Don't you like to read the bible?'

'No, I can't understand that, except the stories which I have read over and over again; and all the rest, I think, is very dull indeed.'

'It is any thing but dull to us,' said Emily.

At breakfast Henry said—'Mother, I have missed you more on Sunday than at any other time, since I went away. There are so many of us boys at the school, that they don't know what else to do with us, and they

shut us all up in our little rooms. It is difficult to furnish a sufficient supply of proper books. Some of the boys try to sleep as much as they can, since the days are so long and hot,—and some read novels, if by any means they can be procured. As for me, I take Sunday to write my letters home. Do you continue your old habit of reading aloud, with the children?'

'O yes, none of us would like to give up that. You must all be ready in my room, at nine o'clock.'

When they were all assembled at the appointed hour, 'Here is our place,' said Frank, opening at the fourth chapter of Matthew; which, as my readers will perhaps recollect, contains an account of the temptation in the wilderness. This occasioned

a good deal of discussion; for it was Mrs Cleaveland's habit, to make use of the materials for conversation furnished by the reading—to render every thing intelligible as far as possible—and to suggest ideas naturally arising from the subject, that might not occur to the minds of children.

She now first addressed herself to Louisa, asking her whether she supposed that the devil really appeared to our Saviour on this occasion; or that this mode of expression was used merely to signify temptation in the ordinary sense.

Louisa replied as a child unaccustomed to reflect at all upon the sacred writings, would be apt to do, that she did not know. She had always supposed it was the devil himself, but she had never thought much about it.'

'Let us examine,' said Mrs Cleaveland, 'the particular temptations that are mentioned, and see whether they are such as would be likely to assail our Saviour. In the first place, then, the tempter said, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." Our Saviour had been fasting, and he was very hungry; but heretofore he had performed no miracles, as he constantly affirmed, without divine assistance. Was it not very natural, that in this hour of extremity he should be tempted to try whether he could not, of himself, change the stones into bread, and satisfy his hunger. He was called the Son of God; why might not he believe, that as such, he inherited all his Father's attributes.'

'But, Aunt Cleaveland,' said Lou-

isa, who was, in fact, a very intelligent child, and only wanted the excitement of sympathy, to call forth her powers, 'is it not wicked to suppose that our Saviour could be tempted?'

'Just think a moment, dear; since he never did wrong, does not the fact of his having been subject to temptation, increase our sense of his holiness? Believing, that being clothed in a human form, he was liable to the infirmities of the flesh, is not our admiration for his complete triumph over them, natural and irresistible?'

'Yes,' replied Louisa, 'if he was tempted to do wrong, and didn't do wrong, I don't see why that is not better than if he had never been tempted.'

'Besides,' said Mrs Cleaveland, 'the very phrase implies liability to do wrong; what is temptations?'

'I don't think I can tell,' said Louisa, 'I never could give a definition.'

'But you have an idea what temptation is, and if you think a moment, you will be able to tell me.'

'I know what the feeling of being tempted is, when I have some reason for wishing very much to do a wrong thing; then, that is temptation.'

'Certainly; no one could define it better; but can there be any temptation without that wish to do wrong; is it not that, which constitutes the temptation?'

'I think so.'

'Then the word had no meaning in this account, which we are read-

ing, unless our Saviour was capable of being tempted. Let us proceed, now to the next temptation. In this, satan is represented as placing our Saviour on the pinnacle of the holy temple and by way of inducing him to cast himself from thence and thereby prove himself to be the Son of God; he quotes one of the many prophesies in the Old Testament which are supposed to refer to our Saviour. 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' Our Saviour, in recalling these prophesies, during his profound solitude in the wilderness, may have been tempted to cast himself from some eminence, for the purpose of ascertaining whether he was really the subject of such

celestial guardianship, as would preserve him from harm in all situations.

'And why would that have been wrong?' asked Louisa.

'Because such a proceeding could have resulted only from a *presumptuous* reliance upon heavenly protection; God vouchsafes protection only in connection with the ordinary means of self preservation.'

'There is one more temptation, is there not?' rejoined Louisa, who by this time had become very much interested.

'Yes, and I wish you to read it very carefully.'

Louisa read—'Again the devil taketh him up into an exceedingly high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them,'—and saith unto him, 'All

these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'

'The Jews,' observed Mrs Cleaveland, 'expected that the promised Messiah, would be a great and powful monarch, who would restore the kingdom of Israel from bondage, rebuild the city of Jerusalem, and make of them a great nation. Many, therefore, rejected our Saviour with bitter scorn, when they found that his 'kingdom was not of this world,' and it was natural that there should have been moments when he was tempted to set himself up as a temporal prince, thus uniting, in his cause, the whole Jewish nation, and escaping the sorrows and infamy, both of a persecuted life and a cruel, ignominious death.'

'And what does it mean by satan's

saying 'all these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'

'Our Saviour could not strive for human glory without becoming the slave of sinful passions, and in that sense worshipping satan. But the vision of "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them," passed away; and mark what followed—"Angels came and ministered unto him."

'Do you suppose these were real Angels, Aunt Cleaveland?'

'Perhaps so; if not, the expression may be used to signify those delightful thoughts and peaceful feelings, which fill the soul, when temptation has been successfully resisted.'

'O! this is very pleasant,' said Louisa. I have read this chapter a

great many times, and never had any of these thoughts about it.'

'Children, and indeed all persons,' replied her Aunt, 'are apt to read the bible mechanically, as ignorant catholics used to say their prayers in latin; it is a habit which we fall into insensibly, and which we should take great pains to avoid.'

The children now proceeded to read, according to their usual custom, several chapters. Every new paragraph suggested a question on the part of the children, or produced a remark from Mrs Cleaveland; and Louisa enjoyed this manner of spending the time so much, that she was surprised to find how soon the hour passed away.

Frank had read the gospels so much with his mother, that he was

quite familiar with them, and had his favorite passages, to which he referred with as much pleasure as older people sometimes show, in quoting a favorite author. Encouraged by the interest which Louisa had manifested, he begged her, after the rest had done, to read with him the account of the woman, who, when she came to beg that our Saviour would heal her child, received from him this answer, 'It is not meet to take the children's bread, and give it to the dogs.'

When Frank came to her reply, 'Truth, Lord; yet the dog's eat of the crumbs that fall from their Master's table,' he exclaimed, 'was not that beautiful.'

'Why, if I had ever read it with Aunt Cleaveland,' said Louisa 'I dare

say, I should think so; but it never has struck me as any thing very remarkable.'

'Well, I can tell you about it,' said Frank. The Jews were called God's chosen people, and it was to them, particularly, that the Messiah was sent; so, by the children, he meant the Jews, and by their meat, all the favors he had to bestow.

'I wonder she was not angry,' said Louisa, 'at being compared to a dog.'

'O, she was too humble, and in such distress too; mother says it is the most beautiful humility, she ever read of; for the poor woman said she should be satisfied with the very crumbs which fell from the children's table; meaning any thing, the slightest favor that could be spared.'

'Are not you glad,' said Louisa, 'that he did cure her daughter, at last?'

'O, I presume he meant to, all the time, only he wanted to try her, first.'

'I suppose we should all be willing to take the crumbs, as we have no more right to any thing better, than the poor woman had.'

'Yes, mother says we should all try to feel just as she did.'

The children went to church all day, and were afterwards permitted to read such books, as were not for amusement, merely, particularly such as had a tendency to make them think of the wonderful attributes of God. One hour before tea, Mrs Cleaveland read to them portions of natural history, which she thought would

subserve that particular purpose. As they were taking their evening walk, Louisa exclaimed, 'Well, I have had one pleasant Sunday in my life, and I hope I shall have a great many more.'

CHAPTER XIII.

In the course of the preceding week, Mrs Cleaveland asked Emily and Frank, to do an errand for her, which required a long walk. It was to carry some nice things to an old black woman, of the name of Phereby, who had formerly lived many years in the family of Mr Cleaveland's father, and had been a most faithful servant. After that period, she purchased a house, and a few acres of land, situated about two miles from the village, on which she resided, and was a great blessing to the inhabitants, in consequence of her extraordinary qualifications as a nurse.

Henry said he should go with the children, as he had promised Phereby, that he would see her often as he could; and Louisa made one of the party, because she did not like to be left alone.

It had been raining the day before, and the roads were quite muddy. Louisa said she thought they did a great many strange things there, and one of the most strange was, that they should travel off, in such mud, for the sake of carrying things to an old black woman.

'But if you only knew Phereby, dear, kind Phereby, you would not think so,' said Emily; 'we all love her dearly; father loves her, and mother loves her, and every body loves her. Her good nursing, saved father's life, when he was a baby, and

she took care of Frank and me, when we were babies; and she has taken care of almost all the little babies, that have been born here in a great many years. What do you think father told her once? He said he believed she would have baby-angels flapping their wings about her in heaven.'

'In heaven!' said Louisa; 'it is very queer, but I never thought before that our slaves *could* ever be in heaven with us.'

Here the party were stopped in their course, by a part of the road so muddy, that they could hardly pass it.

'What should we do without our India-rubbers,' said Emily.

'Well,' replied Louisa, 'I never heard of India-rubbers, until I got to New York; and there my cousins

told me that I must not think of coming into the country, without them; now do tell me what India-rubber is, if you know.'

'Well, we do know,' said Frank; 'for mother said she did not like us to be in the habit of using a thing constantly, without ever inquiring about it, or knowing what it was; so she found a book for us, which gave an account of it; but I had rather Emily would tell it to you; do you remember it, Emily.'

'Yes, indeed I do; I am sure we took pains enough for it. What do you think it is, Louisa?'

'Some kind of leather, I suppose.'

Emily laughed. 'I don't believe you would ever guess it. It would be an excellent thing to guess about, in that play which we had last night;

you would be puzzled to say, whether it was animal, vegetable, or mineral.'

'Do pray tell me what it is.'

'Well, my dear, it is the gum of a tree.'

'Gum of a tree!' exclaimed Louisa, incredulously; 'nonsense, Emily.'

'It certainly is,' said Frank.

'What tree, and how, pray, is gum to be made into shoes. If you understand the art, I wish you would make my doll a pair of shoes, of Aunt Cleaveland's quince jelly, which is of such a beautiful color.'

'The tree,' said Emily, 'has a name that I cannot pronounce, but I will spell it for you; c-a-o-u-t-c-h-o-u-c.'

'O horrible, what a name! and where does it grow?'

'In the West Indies, and in South America; the gum is first obtained, by making incisions into the tree, (incision comes from incido, to cut, Louisa,) and it is spread over earthen moulds, of any shape you please; as fast as one layer of the gum cools, another is put on, until the proper thickness is obtained. Then it is hung over a smoke, made by burning some vegetable substances, which hardens it; and when this effect is produced, to a sufficient degree, the moulds are broken, and the article, whatever it may be, is ready for use.'

'That is a very curious process; I should like to know if they have earthen lasts for the shoes.'

'I suppose so,' said Emily, 'but it is probable that they are not made of very nicely finished ware.'

Having passed over the worst part of the road, the party now walked briskly on, and soon arrived at Phereby's dwelling. 'Let us go in softly,' said Emily, 'for perhaps she may be asleep.' She then knocked gently at the door, and they were admitted. They found Phereby awake, but she had been suffering a great deal of pain, and was very much exhausted; almost too much so, to signify her pleasure at seeing them, in any other way, than by a faint smile.

'I am sorry you have so much pain, Phereby,' said Emily, as she stooped over and kissed her cheek, while Frank stood by, softly stroking her forehead, and Henry held her hand.

'You are a dear little girl,' said Phereby, 'but I have had less pain in my life, than most folks, and must

take my turn. I have more than my share of comforts left, yet.'

'I have brought you some fruit, Phereby,' rejoined Emily, 'and some sponge cake, that mother made for you, with her own hands.'

'O thank'e, thank'e,' said Phereby, 'she is too kind.'

'How can you say that, Phereby; for you know there is nothing in the world, that you would not do for any of us, if you could,' observed Henry.

'Poor Phereby was again seized with a paroxysm of pain, which lasted some minutes, during which, our youthful party gazed upon the sufferer with an expression that seemed to say—'O! how I wish it was in my power to relieve you.'

At length Phereby spoke again. 'When do you go, Henry?'

'In a few days, Phereby; I hope I shall find you a great deal better when I come again.'

'God only knows,' she replied, 'but if I don't see you again, remember my last words to you are, that you must try to make as good a man as your father is.'

Henry again pressed her hand—and then took his leave.

'I don't see,' said Louisa, the moment they were out of doors, 'how it is that she is so contented.'

'Don't you think, Louisa,' said Frank, 'that she is one of those who are satisfied with the crumbs?'

'Crumbs!' replied Louisa, 'I don't know what you mean. O yes, now I do,' said she, suddenly recollecting herself. 'Yes, Franky, I should think she was.'

'If she is satisfied to receive crumbs as her own portion, said Henry, she never deals sparingly to others, but gives in full measure, to every one who needs them, the best services which she can possibly render. Do you remember, Emily, how she took care of Mother and me, when we were both sick together?'

'O yes,' said Henry, 'I don't think I ever told you how faithful she was to poor Mr Smith who was sick so long. She promised him, some months before he died, that she would stand by him in his last hours. For this purpose she was called up at 3 o'clock in the morning, and old as she was, took her station by the side of his bed, and never left it a moment until he died, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.'

Father says, 'she would not have failed to fulfil her promise, if she had dropped down dead in the act,—and that all her life, she has been just so faithful.'

'Yes, I wish we might all be as good as she,' said Henry; 'and as useful, too. She has done all the good she could in the world, which can be said, with truth, of very few.'

'She will be one of those,' said Frank, who will receive the sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" don't you think so Henry?'

'I have no doubt of it, Frank.'

CHAPTER XIV.

The rest of the week passed away very pleasantly, though Monday of the following week was the day fixed for Henry's departure, and for the children to resume their studies; the latter, with the recklessness of childhood, forbore to look much beyond the present moment. The preparation for some keep-sakes for Henry, was the only indication which they gave of being aware that he was again to leave them.

Emily and Frank were always allowed six cents a week for spending money, if these were not forfeited by certain specified offences. Frank's funds had been recently a good deal

diminished by the purchase of a little dog. He wished very much to give his brother a neat purse, which he could purchase of a young ladies' Society, but found that he had not money enough by twelve cents. His father never approved of his borrowing, going beyond his means; so that, as he said to his mother, he was in quite a *quandary*. Suddenly recollecting, however, that he had not looked over his 'accounts' since Henry came, as a last hope, he thought he would see if there was not something due to him, and to his great joy found that he was entitled to just the sum he wanted, twelve cents.'

'Father please to pay me twelve cents,' said he, as soon as the family assembled at dinner.'

'Pay you twelve cents! Frank, I

thought I settled all accounts with you a fortnight ago, and I am sure I have had no dealings with you since.'

'Ah! but father don't you remember, that very night, it was the day Henry came, Thomas Clark called to have you pay him for those errands that he did for you—and you asked me if I would not run out and give him twelve cents, and so I did. I had forgotten all about it too, and if it had not been for my accounts that Emily laughs about, I should have lost those twelve cents.'

'Well, there it is, my son,' said Mr Cleaveland, handing him the money, 'and I hope you will always be just so particular in keeping your accounts.'

The purse was therefore purchased and presented. Emily's present

was a safety chain, which she had taken a great deal of pains to weave neatly, and Louisa's was a beautiful seal, having, for its device a bird perched upon a rock in the ocean, with the motto of, 'Je me repose sur sa constance.'

'Well done, Louisa,' exclaimed Mr Cleaveland, 'a pretty sentimental motto, for a young lady to bestow upon a gentleman. He ought in return to give you one as gallant as that designed by the famous Charles Fox, for the beautiful Dutchess of Devonshire.'

'What was that?' said Louisa.

'Being in a party together, where seals happened to form the subject of conversation, she asked him to devise one for her, when he immediately took up a fine bunch of grapes, and

attached to them a paper on which was written, "Je plais jusqu' á l'ivresse." Do you understand that?'

'O yes,' exclaimed both the girls in one voice; Frank, however, begthat it might be explained.

'You know, I suppose, said his father, what intoxicating liquor is produced from grape.

'O yes, wine.'

'And if you live long enough, Frank, you will, in all human probability, find out what it is to have your head turned, as we say, by a fair lady. The French means, "I please, even to intoxication;" and, by a figure of speech, such as you have often remarked, a person is said also to be intoxicated with joy, admiration, or any other emotion that puts his

brain in a whirl. 'Do you understand now, Frank?'

'Not exactly.'

'Never mind, you are a little too young now; but you will find out, soon enough, and perhaps to your cost. Should you like to know the origin of seals, Frank?'

'Yes Sir, very much.'

'There is every reason to suppose that they were first used to give validity to the decrees and ordinances of kings. Jezebel, of infamous memory, seals the orders which she sent for Naboth's death with the king's ring, so that they need not be questioned. She is also said to have written letters in Ahab's name, and sealed them with his seal. In the book of Esther, also, it is recorded that Mordecai also wrote in the king Ahasuerus'

name, and sealed it with the king's seal. The Lacedemonians used seals in addition to locks, upon their chests, armories, &c; and for this purpose they first used worm eaten wood, the impression of which they took upon soap, or soft earth; but they at length discovered the art of engraving rings, which, though known to the Jews in the time of Moses, was unknown, it seems, to them—and took impressions of them in the same manner. At Rome, a will was null, that is, good for nothing, without the testator's seal. In France, the ancient custom was to seal, instead of signing their instruments; probably because few people could write in those days. In England, all patents, commissions, warrants, &c, coming from the king, are stamped with the king's great seal, which has two im-

pressions, one being the seal itself, bearing upon it the king's image, and the other, used on less important occasions, having the impression of the king's arms. The keeping of the seal is entrusted to the Lord High Chancellor, who is also, on that account, called the Lord Keeper. It is easy to perceive how naturally seals would become of private, as well as of public use. The usual impression on laymen's seals, before the thirteenth century, was a man on horseback, with a sword in his hand. Afterwards it became customary to engrave upon them their coats of arms, and in more modern times, when the shackles of ancient customs are dropping away, all sorts of devices and inscriptions are used, according to the ingenuity or taste of the individuals.'

'That I can understand,' said Frank, looking very much relieved; and then again reverting to the subject of the presents, he said he thought Emily's was the best, because she made it herself.

'No, they are all best,' said Emily. 'You spent the last cent you had in buying yours, and Louisa gave away her only seal.'

'That is right, my daughter,' said Mrs Cleaveland; 'but it is nevertheless true, that you could not have given your brother a more incontestible proof of your love, than by taking so much pains to weave that chain neatly.'

Her mother said this, because Emily had a quick, careless way, of doing things, which usually prevented her finishing them perfectly. This was

one of her defects—for what child has not some? Her mother used to tell her, that it was no great virtue in her to be sweet tempered, because that was natural to her. God had given her what was called a quiet easy temper; 'But others,' added she, 'have to strive quite as hard against the fault of their natural temper, as you have to struggle against your careless propensities.

So, as Frank was liable to forfeit a penny every time he was impatient and fretful, Emily was made responsible in the same way, whenever she soiled her frock, or the table cloth, blotted her books, spoiled a piece of work, or wrote a shabby letter.

'Aunt Cleaveland,' said Louisa, 'don't you think Emily ever has to strive to be good tempered?'

'O yes; nobody is proof against all the trials and crosses of the world.'

'Then it is good in her to be sweet tempered.'

'Yes it is good in her; and if she preserves her good temper through life, it will be because she has governed herself, as Frank says.'

CHAPTER XV.

The children all felt rather sad when Henry went away, and were glad to be occupied in school, for, as Frank observed, it is always best to be busy as possible, when one feels a little sad.

Louisa had never been accustomed to very regular employments, and was naturally rather indolent. Of course, it was at first, not without difficulty that she complied with the regulations which Mrs Cleaveland had been always in the habit of enforcing towards her own children. Sometimes she would pause for ten of fifteen minutes, in the midst of learning

a lesson, and forget all about it, in thinking of something else, until suddenly recollecting that it was almost time to recite, she would apply herself very closely for a few moments, and then say her lesson only tolerably well.

One day her Aunt said to her, 'Louisa, do you know that you waste a great deal every day, of one of your most valuable things?'

'No; indeed,' said she; 'what do you mean, Aunt? I am sure I do not waste either my money, or my clothes.'

'No, but you have something more precious than either.'

'Perhaps you mean my health; but if so, I am sure you are mistaken, for ever since you told me that I must be careful not to eat too much,

and always abstain from eating when I was not well, I have taken a great deal of pains about it; and then, you know, we have plenty of exercise.'

'No, I do not mean your health.'

'Well then, what do I waste?'

'Your time!'

'My time! Aunt Cleaveland, before I came here, I had more than I knew what to do with; and now I have enough, I am sure.'

'You think so, because you do not know its value.'

'But if we have as much as we can employ, why do we want more?'

'I admit, my dear, that many of us have more than we employ well; but that does not prove that we might not use it to some purpose, if we chose. When your father has given you five dollars, and by and

bye you find it is all gone, don't you like to know how you have spent it?'

'O yes, I should feel very uneasy, if I could not tell, and so I keep an account.'

'But you have no such feeling about days and years, weeks and months.'

'No, because there is always a plenty more to come.'

'But whatever is to be the sum of your life, every day that passes away diminishes it. If your father were to tell you that he would allow you a certain sum of money, to be expended on your dress for six years to come, and that he would pay it to you in small sums from time to time, would you spend it carelessly, because there was more coming.'

'No, certainly not; for at that rate,

I might be left without any, when I most needed it.'

'But time is more valuable than money; and when the hour of death comes, many find, as you just said, that it is to be taken from them when they most need it.'

'Time more valuable than money! how can that be?'

'Money is perishable, and the things which it will procure are perishable; but time may be devoted to the attainment of treasures that never fade away—treasures of wisdom and knowledge.'

'O, I know there is a great deal to be learned, if one has a mind; but I suppose if I know Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, a little more French, and some Latin—all that will be quite enough for me.'

Mrs Cleaveland smiled. 'My dear Louisa,' said she, 'these are only the A, B, C, of studies. The life of an Antideluvian would not suffice to learn all that is worth learning in this world; indeed, I suppose we shall be learning throughout eternity.'

'But learning is not the whole business of this life, I hope, whatever it may be of the life to come.'

'Learning out of books, is not, certainly; but learning in some way or other, is. You know the adage, "live and learn." Our hands must be employed, as well as our heads; but materials, for both kinds of work, are furnished by thought, study, reflection; and practice teaches continually, the best way of using them.'

'Ought we never to play, or be idle, then?'

'O yes; refreshment and rest are necessary to man, as well as beast; but when we are at work, whether with our head or our hands, we should "do with our might," as the Apostle says, "what we find to do." So few people are in the habit of making a diligent and wise use of time, that, whoever does it, is sure of making himself distinguished. The other day you was astonished by seeing a large bed-quilt, composed entirely of very small bits of calico, sewed together; but if all the little shreds and patches of time, which we are more or less in the habit of wasting, were saved, much more wonderful results would be produced.'

'Can you give me an example, Aunt Cleaveland?'

'Yes; I was thinking of one that

very moment. I have somewhere seen an account of a French gentleman, whose name was D'Aiguilleau, which is exactly to the purpose. Finding himself often obliged, when he went home at the appointed hour for dinner, to wait for the ladies of his family to complete their toilette, and unwilling to lose so much time, he took pen ink and paper, and in process of time, produced a large and valuable law book; a quarto volume, written entirely in those little intervals, which would otherwise have been completely lost.'

'That is a very good anecdote, I think,' said Louisa; 'but cannot you tell me one of a similar kind about some child, because I am a child, you know, and can't expect to do as grown up people would.'

'Yes, I can give you one of Henry, and of course, with all your partiality for him, you will be disposed to place some reliance upon his example. When he was about seven years of age, his father was anxious that he should begin the study of Greek; because he learned very easily, and would then have plenty of time, to get thoroughly acquainted with the rudiments of the language; but Henry had already a good many lessons, and besides, was very fond both of play, and of reading; so much so, that he was unwilling to give up his usual allowance of either.

He was, therefore, in a good deal of trouble; but I said to him, that I had no doubt he could find means to save time enough, for his Greek, and still have sufficient left for all his ordinary purposes.

'I don't know how that can be, mother,' said he, 'unless you can teach me how to exercise a miraculous power, similar to that which kept the widow's cruse perpetually full.' 'You may call it a miraculous power, or what you please,' replied I, 'but it is within yourself. You know you are rather lazy about getting up in the morning; so much so, as often to lie in bed at least half an hour, after you are awake. There is one half hour that you may save from total loss; then, I doubt whether you get any of your lessons in the shortest time necessary for them, because you do not *study with all your might;* and I dare say that half an hour, at least, might be spared from the portion allowed for your latin lesson, provided you employ the remain-

der diligently as you can. Henry consented to make the experiment, and it succeeded perfectly; he found no difficulty, whatever, in saving an hour, every day, for his Greek, which was all that his father required.'

'Well, what could *I* do, if I should try,' said Louisa, who now began to feel considerably excited.

'It is not so important, my dear, that you should attempt great things at your early age, as it is that you should acquire that habit of considering time, as too valuable to be wasted; and of using portions of it, with the *utmost* diligence, which will enable you to accomplish a great deal, by and bye, when your faculties are more matured. If, at any time, you have a lesson which can be learned in a shorter space of time, than is al-

lotted for it, in the regular routine of your studies, an hour, for instance, do not spend the whole of that hour over it, but learn it quickly as possible, for the sake of the habit; and use the remainder of the time as you please; but even if it were passed in idleness, I should still prefer that you should get the lesson in half an hour, if you could.'

CHAPTER XVI.

In a few weeks after Henry's departure, the good Phereby died, and the event was announced to him, in the following letter from Emily.

'Dear Henry :—I am sorry to tell you, that Phereby died last Thursday. A great many people attended her funeral, which was from our house. The coffin was placed upon a table, in one of the parlors ; and if you could have seen how they assembled around it, and how reverently—yes, that is the very word, Henry—I had to think a great while, before I could get the

one I wanted; how reverently they all looked upon her; you would have thought what Mr Ripley said was true, that she was honored in life, and honored in death. You know that while you was at home, father read to us, from a newspaper, an account of some grand funeral, and how the deceased lay in state, as it was called. I am sure I thought that Phereby lay in state, when I saw how they all gathered around her, to take a last sorrowful look. Mother cried, and father looked as if he would cry, only some how or other, gentlemen never seem to think they may; but I don't see how they can help it, sometimes. Uncle Henry and Aunt Mary were here, and they seemed to feel as bad as father and mother did. After the funeral was over, Aunt Ma-

ry asked me if I ever heard how Phereby saved her life once, and then she told me; so I will tell you, as well as I can remember. It was when she lived at Grandpapa's, and Aunt Mary was a young lady. The latter liked to read novels very much, and sometimes she used to read them after she went to bed; but when Grandpapa found it out, he told her, she must never do it again, because it was a dangerous practice. One night, however, she disobeyed him, (does not that seem strange, Henry,) and in the middle of the same night, Phereby, who, she said, always seemed to know, by a sort of instinct, when any of the family was in danger, smelled smoke. She got up, and looked all over the lower part of the house, but she could not find any

fire; then she went up stairs, all around, till at last she came to Aunt Mary's chamber; and—what do you think? There was Aunt Mary fast asleep in bed, with a small flat bottomed candlestick, standing on her breast—the room was full of smoke; the book was half burnt up; the blanket, which was double, was burnt all along where it was folded, and the sheet was so close to it, that it must have caught fire directly.

Phereby woke up Aunt Mary, who was dreadfully frightened, as you may suppose, and she begged that Phereby would not tell Grandpapa; and Phereby said she would'nt, if Aunt Mary would promise never to do so again; and she promised, and kept her promise. So Phereby burned up the book, and trimmed off the burnt

edges of the blanket; and it was a great while before anybody else knew any thing about the matter.

Louisa seemed to stare a good deal at Phereby's funeral, for you know she has always lived among slaves. When she was talking about it afterwards, she said that if there was any one of their slaves, as good as Phereby, she should love her very much, but she did not see how so much *respect* could be paid to a black person. Father told her, that goodness and faithfulness always command respect, as well as love; and that besides her goodness, Phereby had an uncommon degree of sense and wisdom. He said that the blacks were created in God's image, as well as the rest of mankind; and that their color could

not obscure it, unless it was defaced by sin. I suppose that is what mother would call a figurative expression, but I believe I know what it means. I suppose it means, that if they resemble God, by being good, their complexion will not hinder those who love goodness, from loving them.

Louisa is a very pleasant girl, indeed, only a little queer sometimes. We get along very nicely in school. I hope I shall never have any school mistress but mother.

Frank says I must tell you that Father is teaching him to swim, and he likes it very much. All send their love to you. Good bye, dear Henry. Write soon to your affectionate sister,

EMILY CLEAVELAND.'

P. S. My hand got so tired be-

fore I finished my letter, that I was obliged to employ mother to write for me ; and she helped me compose a little of it, but not much.'

CHAPTER XVII.

Louisa, from having been a good deal petted, was in the habit of thinking that her own will was the only law in regard to every thing that related to herself. One day her Aunt said, 'my dear, I wish you to sew a little every day, when Emily does her sewing, because it is very important that every woman should be a good sempstress.'

'But I don't like to sew, Aunt,' said Louisa.

'You don't like to, Louisa; and so you often tell me, when I propose a thing to you. Do you think that in this world, we can always do just

what we like, and never that which we dislike ?'

'Not always, perhaps—but generally.'

'You will find yourself very much mistaken, my dear, and the sooner you renounce that opinion, the better.'

'Why can't I do as I like, when I get to be woman grown ?'

'For various reasons. In the first place, there are many circumstances of our condition, which we cannot control—health; fortune; climate; then we are not made to live alone, but among our fellow creatures; and as all have their likes, and dislikes, we must often give up our own way to the wishes of others.'

'But I don't see why I should give up my way, more than any body else.'

'No, not more than any body else, but as much.'

'I don't see the necessity of that, even; I can have my way, and the rest may have theirs.'

'That cannot always be; for sometimes your way will interfere with that of some one else; for instance, the other day, you know, when a walk was proposed, you wanted to go upon the mountain, and Emily wished to go towards the grove, because she had promised Ann Stewart, that she would call for her, the very first time she took a walk, which would have been all in her way, if you had complied with her proposal; and, therefore, you recollect, the walk was relinquished, because you would not give up your way, and Emily would not break her promise to Ann.'

'I can't help it,' said Louisa; 'Emily never gives up her way to me.'

'Never! I thought I heard her, this very morning, agreeing to put off the party, upon which she has been setting her heart so long, a whole fortnight, which I suppose you know by experience, seems to a child, a great while to wait for a pleasure, because you wanted to get a new pair of dancing shoes from New York, first! Your old shoes are not worn out, are they?'

'No, but they are very shabby.'

'Then you might have danced?'

'Yes, but I should not have enjoyed it much, if I had been ashamed of my feet all the time.'

'But Emily might have said that she did'nt see why she should not have her way, as well as you, yours.'

'But Aunt,' said Louisa, 'Emily don't seem to have any way, she gives up so easily.'

'And is that a reason, dear, why you should never give up to her?"

'No, Aunt Cleaveland,' said Louisa, ingenuously; 'but it is the reason why I don't *think* more about it. Now I do think of it, I wonder that she did give up, on the subject of the party; for I don't believe I should have done so.'

'I presume Emily thought that as the party was entirely for purposes of pleasure, it would be a pity not to have it confer as much as possible; and that, although she made some sacrifice in deferring it to a later day, *she* would in the end enjoy it quite as much, and *you*, a great deal more. You know the good of the many, is

the fundamental principle of our republican government; it should be the aim, also, of every private individual.'

'Why not turn Shakers, then, at once?'

'Theirs is chiefly a community of property, for worldly support; but they subvert the order of Providence, by depriving themselves of all the pleasures, which grow out of the relations originally instituted by God. There is another kind of community, of which all should be members. Whatever promotes happiness in this world, should be made common stock, much as possible; and there is certain gain in contributing to such a stock; since that which you impart to your fellow creatures, returns in fourfold measure, to your own bosom,

in good and pleasant feelings, if not in any thing else. Angels,' my dear, Louisa, minister to the benevolent and disinterested.'

'After all, I don't see,' said Louisa, 'what all this has to do with my not liking to sew.'

'It has a great deal to do with it, dear. If you begin by refusing to do a little thing, which concerns only yourself, simply because it is not agreeable to you, you will form the habit, of applying the same principle to whatever is required from you, towards others. Whereas, the question proper to be asked on all occasions, is not, do I like it? is it agreeable to me? but, is it right and proper?'

CHAPTER XVIII.

There was a holiday in the village school, which several of Frank's young companions attended, and he longed to be at liberty, to play with them. One day, particularly, when a group of them were playing within sight of his mother's school room windows, he found it very difficult to confine his attention to his books.

'Now, Frank,' said his mother, 'is a good time for you to see how much you have gained in the art of governing yourself. Do not mind the boys; study hard; learn your lessons well, and when it is all over, you may join them, and play as hard as you please;

then you will enjoy as much in an hour or two, as they have enjoyed in the whole day.' So Frank tried very hard, and succeeded pretty well. Once, however, when a peal of laughter sounded in his ears, he looked out of the window for two or three minutes. 'Do see,' exclaimed Emily and Louisa, both at once, 'how Frank is gazing at the boys; he does not mind his lesson at all.'

'And how does it happen,' said Mrs Cleaveland, 'that you know he is looking out of the window? did you read it in your books? I take it for granted, that young ladies who are so very strict in judging Frank, would not, upon any account, transgress as he does.'

'The girls both felt the reproof, and Frank, warned of his danger, by

finding himself again yielding to temptation, asked and obtained leave of his mother, to take a seat the other side of the room. He at length succeeded in gaining the victory, as he called it, recited his lessons extremely well, and enjoyed his play, much as ever a Roman emperor enjoyed a triumphal procession.'

When school was over, Mrs Cleaveland said to the girls, 'I would not interrupt your studies this morning, by remarking any farther upon your promptness in discovering Frank's fault, at the same time that you was entirely insensible to your own, of a similar kind.

'There is a saying imputed to Æsop, which will apply most significantly to you, in this particular instance. He asserted that mankind

carry about with them, too scrip, or bags ; one of which is filled with the faults of their neighbors and the other with their own ; that the former is placed before their eyes, and the other behind their backs, so that we never see our own, but always our neighbors.' This is but too true ; if we were as much occupied with scrutinizing our own conduct, as we are in observing and censuring that of others, we should be much more perfect than we now are.'

Just then the street bell rang, and Mrs Sheldon, a neighbor of Mrs Cleaveland, was announced. Louisa and Emily were just running off to play ; but Mrs Cleaveland had her own reasons for requesting them to remain a few minutes with her.

Mrs Sheldon was a great talker ;

she made many inquiries about the family, remarked upon the weather, and then proceeded to speak of the affairs of the village.

'Do you know, ma'am,' said she, 'that Miss Clayton has gone off to Saratoga to stay a month; and then is to spend the fall in New York, although, meanwhile, her poor old parents are to be quite alone.

Her mother is unwell, too; and it really seems now, that all her children are married but one, as if that one ought not to desert her quite so often. For my part, I don't see how Miss Clayton can take any pleasure in roaming about as she does, for her own amusement, while her parents are so lonely, and need her society, and care.'

Mrs Cleaveland simply replied,

that, as Miss Clayton's health was never very good, she presumed that frequent journies were important to her; and soon after Mrs Sheldon took her leave.'

'Louisa,' said Emily, 'the moment she was out of hearing, don't you remember little Lucy Sheldon's telling us, that if her mother would only help her, in her studies, as mother helps us, she should do very well; but that her mother said, it was too dull work, and she could not think of it, and she will not even suffer Lucy to read aloud to her, because she says she had rather read to herself. And don't you remember, too, that only about a month ago, when Lucy was quite unwell, Mrs Sheldon went off with some of her friends from the South, to Lebanon, and staid a fort-

night, and until Lucy at last became so sick that they were obliged to send for her. Now, how can they talk so, about Miss Clayton?'

'O, I suppose she has got those bags fixed, as Æsop says,' said Louisa, laughing.

'And if you reflect one single moment,' said Mrs Cleaveland, 'you will perceive that an indifferent observer, would have thought it just as strange, this morning, that you should tell of Frank's looking out of the window, when you could not possibly know that he did so, unless your own eyes were wandering. The act itself was trifling; but I have heard people censure in others *great* faults, for which they were themselves notorious; and this you may be in danger of doing,

by and bye, if you do not check this propensity in its very beginning.'

'We will change the places of the bags, if possible,' said Louisa; and there the conversation ended.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mrs Cleaveland had a relative, the wife of Mr Mason, a farmer living at the distance of nearly three miles, whom the children were very fond of visiting. They had been talking of a visit for some days, but it had been delayed by various causes. At length the day was fixed, and it was agreed that the party should set out on foot early in the afternoon, and come home in the same manner, at eight o'clock in the evening. Frank consulted his little almanac to see at what time the moon would rise; 'for, you know,' said he to Emliy, 'it

would not be very pleasant to walk home in the darkness.'

He found that it would be up a little before eight; just in time.

The day proved fine, and the children enjoyed, almost equally, the walk and the visit. The farm-house was situated in a sequestered road, on both sides of which the farm extended to a considerable distance, and looked in as beautiful order as any gentleman's garden. Before tea, the children, accompanied by Mrs Cleaveland, went all about it. The barn, the poultry yard, the dairy, were all interesting objects to the whole party; but especially to Louisa.

'What a golden look those cheeses have!' said she; 'who would think they could be so handsome; and how pretty that flock of sheep look, feed-

ing on the hill yonder, and the cattle grazing in the meadow.'

'It is pleasant to see those cattle feeding, isn't it mother,' said Frank; as pleasant,' he added, 'as it is to see a family setting round the supper table; it makes us think of the bounteous Being who made the world.'

In the barn the men were threshing a great quantity of grain. 'And this is only the seed, in fact, of a kind of grass,' said Emily; 'what a heap! I have heard of a mountain in Switzerland, that is five thousand feet in height, and composed entirely of the pudding-stone, or stone made up of little pebbles; but here is a mountain of seed, almost as extraordinary.'

'This is our coin,' said Mr Mason; 'we farmers, have not the handling of a great deal of money. Perhaps

you never heard the fable of the man, who, being on his death bed, told his sons, that they would find gold in a certain field. So they directly went to ploughing with all their might, and though they found no gold, were quite astonished and delighted with the abundance of the crop produced that year. They persevered in ploughing; but still there was the same result; not gold, but an increase of crop, until, at last it flashed upon their minds, that the old man did not mean gold, but that which was far better for them, the golden grain.'

At this moment a loud cackling was heard in the poultry yard, and all hastened thither.

They found two cocks engaged in battle royal. One of them had stray-

ed from a neighboring farm, and his intrusion was loudly resented by the lord of the poultry yard—who is as supreme in his own territory, as the sultan himself. The contest was violent and bloody—terminating but with the death of the intruder.

'Is not it strange,' said Mr Mason to Mrs Cleaveland, 'that there should be such close resemblances between animals and men. This cock, with his hens, always makes me think of the Sultan in his harem, of which, I suppose these little folks have read in the Arabian tales.'

'I should think,' replied Mrs Cleaveland, 'that the cock was quite superior to the sultan, in point of gallantry and disinterestedness. I remember that when I was a child, my father used often to call me out,

and throw grain among the fowls that I might see how the cocks would uniformly *wait upon* the hens—scratch the ground to find every kernel, and forbear to take a single one, until the latter had received their full portion.'

By far the most attractive part of the farm to the children, was the fruit orchard; for it was the season of peaches, which were in great abundance. There had lately been a sickness in the village which made Mrs Cleaveland afraid to have the children eat much fruit. 'Now,' said she to them, 'I shall return to the house, and Mr Mason, I am sure, is too busy to accompany you farther. You shall therefore go by yourselves to the orchard, if you can be satisfied with simply looking at the fruit; but

remember, you are not to eat a single peach. Your walk will have made you so hungry, that you will not be satisfied with a very moderate portion of the good things which always fill Mrs Mason's tea-table; so I think prudence requires that you should not indulge yourselves with the fruit.'

'One peach,' they all exclaimed, 'at least you might let us have one, mother.'

'No; and if you think the sight of the fruit will be too tantalizing, you had better not enter the orchard at all. Give me your promise that you will not touch the fruit.'

The promise was therefore given, though with some reluctance.

As they turned away, Mr Mason said to Mrs Cleaveland, 'Well, if those children can restrain themselves

in an orchard of fruit, they will do to go forth into that "field, which is the world," and encounter its snares and temptations.'

'They will not break their promise,' said Mrs Cleaveland, with well founded confidence.

Just as our youthful party entered the orchard, they were joined by some children of the neighborhood; who, having received permission from Mr Mason, plucked and ate the fruit with impunity; and with such evident *gout*, as made the mouths of the abstinent water; but they would not break their word for a peach.

'O dear,' said Louisa, 'I wonder if Eve was as much tempted as I am; if so, I don't much blame her.' It was more difficult for Louisa to resist, than for the others; because, be-

fore she came to her Aunt, she had never been accustomed to discipline herself, at all, in regard to the pleasures of eating; but, on the contrary, had been allowed to indulge herself, at all times, as she chose. But she was a child of truth, and kept her promise.

By and bye, the children were summoned to tea; and oh, how attractive and beautiful the tea-table looked. The clean white cloth was hardly whiter than the bread. The butter was of a golden yellow; so smooth, and so beautifully stamped, that, as Emily said, it looked almost like a piece of sculpture. The honey was so pure as to be transparent; the gingerbread was of the very best kind; the stewed cherries had a delicious flavor; the tongue was cut in

smooth, delicate slices; and the dried beef was shaven with the nicest care. Emily and Frank, however, forebore to taste of all these good things. Emily took honey; and Frank preferred the cherries. Neither took both; and after eating very freely of bread and butter, and tongue, refused more than a very small piece of gingerbread. Louisa, on the contrary, ate a good deal of every thing; and Mrs Cleaveland did not like to mortify her, by imposing any restraint upon her appetite. The consequence was, that all the way home she had a violent pain in her stomach, which prevented her from enjoying the walk at all; while the other children were in fine spirits.

Just as they came away, Mr Mason gave them a basket of peaches,

and passing a stick under the handle, said, jokingly, 'Now two of you together, will carry it without difficulty; and so you will have an example of a division of labor.'

The evening was beautifully bright; for the moon, nearly full, had just risen in all her splendor. After they had talked over their visit awhile, Frank said, 'Mother, you promised once, that you would tell me, as soon as I was old enough, why the moon rises later one night, than another; can't you tell me now?'

'O yes, do, Aunt Cleaveland,' said Louisa.

'I will try, and see if I can make you understand,' replied Mrs Cleaveland. 'You all know that the moon is a constant attendant upon our earth; but perhaps you are not aware

that she revolves around it once every month; which is the reason why she is visible only a part of the time. the earth, too, you know turns round every day, and meanwhile the moon goes on a little way, in her path about the earth. Now suppose, Frank, that you had your little globe in your hand, and should insert a pin to mark some point in its surface, and that Emily should hold a little ball, suspended from a string, and representing the moon, directly over this point. Then, slowly turn your globe round on its axis; and, meanwhile, let Emily move the ball along a little way, in the same direction; because the moon, you know, would move along. The globe, of course, must turn, not only entirely round, but a little more, in order to bring the pin

directly under the ball again ; and just so the earth must not only move entirely round, which takes twenty four hours, but a little more, in order that it may bring any given place, directly under the moon again. Last night the moon rose at seven. To seven o'clock this evening were just twenty four hours, which was only time enough for the earth to turn completely round ; so it took three quarters of an hour more for it to move on still further, and catch up the moon again ; therefore, the moon rose, as we say, tonight, at a quarter before eight. Do you understand me, Frank ?'

'Yes, mother, I think I do ; but tomorrow I should like to have you tell it all over to me once more.'

'I understand it, perfectly,' said Louisa.

Emily then observed to her mother, that on her celestial globe, were many constellations, which were never visible to the eye—and asked how it happened. 'Because, dear,' replied her mother—'they can only be seen in the night, and when that portion of the globe on which we live, is turned towards that part of the heavens, where they are to be found, it is day with us.'

By this time the party had nearly reached home, and met Mr Cleaveland, who had been prevented, by business, from joining them, according to his intention, at tea. The children all ran to seize hold of his hands. 'I must have one,' said Emily; 'and I another' said Louisa; 'and I a third,' shouted Frank.

'I am sorry,' said Mrs Cleaveland,

that your father has but two hands; yet so it is; and, therefore, Frank, I think you may as well escort me.

Each one was eager to relate the events of the day, and in the midst of a confusion of voices, if not of tongues, they reached home. Mrs Cleaveland immediately said they must lose no time in getting to bed. 'O do let us set up a few moments,' they all exclaimed, 'we are not in the least sleepy.'

'But it is past your usual hour, and you will be very sleepy tomorrow morning. You have had a great deal of pleasure today, and you ought not to let it trespass upon the business of the morrow, as it certainly will, if you get up in the morning, without having had your usual quantity of sleep.

CHAPTER XX.

The next morning, at breakfast, the children were all talking about their visit, anxious to tell Mr Cleaveland what they had seen and heard; Emily dwelt upon the beautiful appearance of the stamped butter, and this reminded her father to tell her an anecdote of Canova, the great sculptor. His father, it seems, was the son of a cook who belonged to the establishment of an Italian nobleman. On occasion of some great dinner, when every thing else was ready, one ornament more was found necessary to occupy some place on the table. Canova, then a mere

boy, immediately made of butter, a lion, which was so exquisitely done, as to attract the attention of the whole company, and some liberal minded person among them, immediately took Canova under his patronage, giving him every advantage for acquiring the wonderful art in which he afterwards became so distinguished.

Mrs Cleaveland had some beautiful specimens of sculpture, sent out to her, as ornaments, by a friend in England, which had often arrested the gaze of the children. Mr Cleaveland now pointed his finger to them and said, did you ever think that those images lay, as it were, imbedded in a block of marble, before the hand of the artist had extricated them from the mass, by

which they were surrounded? It was said of Michael Angelo, another eminent sculptor, that he hewed away at the marble, as if angry with it, for concealing the beautiful image which he knew to be there, according to a pattern previously conceived in his own mind.'

'Father,' said Frank, 'Mr Mason told me one queer thing, which I wish you would explain. I asked him what he was going to do with so much corn, for he had a great deal. He replied that he expected to send it in oxen's hides to Boston; and when I asked him how, "Why you know," said he, "that I fatten cattle for the Boston market." Just then he began talking to mother, and I did not like to interrupt him,

or else I should have told him that I was no wiser than before.'

'Your difficulty is easily explained,' my son; 'corn is the principal food of cattle, and instead of selling it, or disposing of it in any other way, Mr Mason finds it more profitable to fatten his oxen with it, that is, in the end he gets more money for his corn, if it is first converted into beef, and this is why he said that he sent it to market in the hides of oxen.'

'Then the oxen are made up of corn, are they?' said Frank.

'Yes, of corn, hay, and some other things,' said Mr Cleaveland.

'You are in jest, surely, Uncle,' said Louisa.

'Not at all,' said Mr Cleaveland; 'they subsist upon these substances,

and therefore 'tis of them that their flesh and blood are compounded.

'And what are we made of? Beef, mutton, chickens, milk, bread and vegetables, I suppose.'

'Yes, certainly.'

'And this milk,' said Emily, 'who was just then engaged in despatching a bowl-full, is made of grass, I suppose.'

'Yes.'

'Well, I never did hear any thing so queer as this,' said Frank. 'How is grass made into milk, and corn into beef?'

'Ah! that, indeed, is what I cannot tell you,' said his father. You have heard of the chemist's laboratory, where he mixes and combines different substances, and the stomach is a laboratory, but its operations

are hidden from us, and we don't know much about them, 'I wish you, however, to remark what a system of giving and receiving is continually going on throughout the universe. Animals are fed with what is produced from the earth, and they, in return, supply us with food.'

'It seems to me that we don't do our part,' said Louisa.

'When our bodies are committed to the dust,' said Mr Cleaveland, 'they moulder, and serve to enrich the ground, and we give back to earth what we had taken from it. There is no waste, no positive destruction in nature. If our bodies were to be burned, still their ashes would remain.

'I can tell you father,' said Emily, 'where I should think there was waste. Last night when we were

coming home, we walked through a parcel of fallen leaves; and by and bye, you know the leaves will all fall off from the trees until the ground is perfectly covered with them; what are they good for?'

'They serve, my daughter, when they become decayed, as a kind of manure to enrich the ground, so that their fall literally lays the foundation of the glory of their successors.'

'There is a fable of a bird called the Phenix, which rises anew from its own ashes. This was probably suggestad by some processes, of nature, similar to that which makes the decay of one season minister to the growth and beauty of another.'

'If there is never any destruction in nature, Uncle,' said Louisa, 'I should like to have you account for

the disappearance of wood which we burn, for surely it cannot all be contained in the little heap of ashes that remains.'

'But cannot you think of something else which results from the consumption of wood?'

'O, I know,' said Frank, 'soot and smoke.'

'Well, father,' said Emily, 'just look at the steam, which comes from the nose of the teapot, is not that lost?'

'No, it mixes with the air; heat separates the particles of water until it is converted into steam, upon which it continues to act in the same manner, until the steam becomes quite invisible, though still it remains mingled with the atmosphere. It is by a similar process that we are

supplied with rain. The sun exhales water from the ocean, and from rivers, until it becomes masses of vapors, in the shape of clouds floating about in the atmosphere, and by and bye, according to philosophical principles, which you are not yet quite old enough to understand, these clouds, if I may be allowed the expression, are emptied upon the earth.'

'That is better than a watering pot, a'n't it father?' said Frank, who had been entrusted with the watering of some beds in the garden, during the hot months.'

'Yes, my son; can you think of a more beautiful contrivance? The sun, besides all the other offices which he performs for us, draws up the water; the clouds are its containers, and when the earth is hot and parch-

ed, they discharge their contents, and the water comes down, just as if the whole canopy of the heavens was one vast strainer, like that which covers the mouth of your watering pot, and the whole land is refreshed.'

'It is a beautiful contrivance,' said Frank, with a good deal of of emphasis, while his face glowed with the pleasure of exciting thoughts.

'So it seems, that the sun, besides being a tanner, as the conundrum says, has a still more menial occupation,' said Louisa; 'and, though not a hewer of wood, he is a drawer of water.'

'Does this water ever get back again to the rivers and ocean?' asked Emily.

'Yes, the rain swells the springs, which supply the rivers, and these all tend to the ocean.'

'But all rivers do not empty into the ocean.' 'No, not directly, but they are tributary to other rivers which do fall into the ocean, or into lakes and seas. There is no lake without an outlet communicating with the ocean, either directly, or through some other piece of water. The family of the *waters* are all related, and though there are many generations, the ocean is the great ancestor, and common centre of all. But it is high time for me to go to my office; so good morning to you.' 'One kiss first,' exclaimed all the children.

'No, not a single one; I have given you more time now, than I could spare.' And, so saying, Mr Cleaveland snatched up his hat, and ran out of the yard with all his might.

The children followed after, and

arrested his steps, just at the outside of the gate, where they held him fast, until each had stolen a kiss.

'Highway robbers, every one of you,' said he as he sportingly repelled them, and hastened on his way.

CHAPTER XXI.

A few days after this, the following letter was received from Henry.

'Dear Emily.

I was very glad indeed to get your letter, though grieved to hear of Phereby's death, for I had hoped that I should see her once more. I am very much obliged to you for telling me so much about her funeral, and if she had been my own mother, I could not have rejoiced more at the testimonials of respect and affection which were paid to her.

I cannot express to you how much pleasure I derive from your letters.

The Indians call letters, "paper talk," which I think is a very significant epithet. In fact, what are letters, but a parcel of "talk," folded up in paper. Some persons have a queer feeling about showing letters, whether they are secret or not; but if a letter does not contain anything which the author would be unwilling to utter in general conversation, I don't see why it may not be shown, and I showed yours about Phereby, to one of the Southern boys, whom I like very much, to see if it would not change his opinion about the blacks being an inferior race. By the bye, as you told me a story, I will tell you one in return, about this same boy, whose name is Charles Ackley. I remember hearing Frank remind mother, when I was at home, that she

had promised to tell him about two kinds of courage ; perhaps my story will answer the same purpose. You must know that there are a good many Southerners in our school, and some how or other, they form a sort of party or clan, and the Northerners another. Charles Ackley has a cousin, John Gibson, who is his roommate, but not half so good a fellow. I must farther inform you, by way of preface, that there is a very clever little black boy, by the name of Sam, a sort of appendage to our establishment, whom we are suffered to employ as our waiter. He is a very good natured, obliging little fellow, but rather lazy. One day as we were all in the play-ground busy at a game of ball, it chanced that, in the course of the game, the ball was thrown off,

ever so far, into a neighboring field, and Sam was sent after it ; something or other diverted him, and he was gone several minutes. Meanwhile, John Gibson became exceedingly impatient, and being very quick-tempered, the moment Sam came up, he gave him a blow, which knocked him flat on the ground. As we have frequent disputes on the subject of slavery, it was natural that the Northerners should identify the cause of the blacks, with their own, and that they should consider the outrage committed upon poor Sam as an injury done to themselves. Without taking time to reflect that it would be much better to have the whole affair submitted to Mr Hodgson's arbitration, there was an immediate call " to arms," and two files, one of North-

erners, and the other of Southerners, were in battle array directly. John Gibson is a very strong fellow, and dealt about his blows at a tremendous rate. Charles Ackley stood by, not joining either side, for he disapproved of John's conduct, and would not appear against his own party. It was fortunate for the combatants that in the midst of the fray, Agrippa, Sam's father, who does not live very far off, happened to come across the play ground, in company with another very strong man. Sam, the moment he perceived him approaching, ran to him and said, 'Do stop the boys, father, if you can, they are fighting for me, because I was knocked down.'

'And who knocked you down Sam?'

'That tall Mr John Gibson.'

Agrippa now called out with a loud voice, 'It is a pity, said he, that so many young gentlemen should be brought into a scrape by the fault of one; you will all get into trouble, I fear, with your master. As Sam was the original cause of this fracas, let me take the matter into my hands. I don't wish any body to avenge the wrongs done to me and mine by violence; wrong can't cure wrong, any more than rum can cure drunkenness; though I thank you, gentlemen, those who are on Sam's side, for your good intentions.'

Agrippa is a highly respectable man, of about forty years of age, who would do honor to any class; he is both an honorable, and a very sensible man; and being a good deal in Mr Hodgson's employment, has done

many a good turn to the boys, and is a great favorite with them. On this occasion, there was something quite dignified in his manner, and all stood still to listen.

'Now, Mr John Gibson,' said he, 'will you agree to settle this matter in a peaceable manner?'

'I'll receive no terms from any man,' said Gibson; 'there's a dollar for assault and battery upon Sam, which I suppose will satisfy you, as far as he is concerned; but as for those who have undertaken to resent what I did, when it was no business of theirs, I choose to fight it out, until one party or the other are ready to cry, yield.'

'I don't want your money, Mr John,' said Agrippa; 'that can't buy any salve that will cure hurt feel-

ings; and besides, it is a small matter for Sam to be laid flat on his back, in comparison with having all these young gentlemen laid flat in another sense, by losing the favor of their good master. If you will agree not to fight any more, or have any more quarrelsome feeling with your fellow creatures here, I will promise to say no more about it; but, if not, I must do what I can, with the help of my neighbor here, to prevent any further mischief.'

Gibson replied that he was not to be frightened by such a threat; they might do their worst. Perceiving that none of his allies were disposed to renew the contest, he foresaw that he must sustain himself alone, against Agrippa, and the other man, who both advanced towards him.

He braced himself against one of the posts belonging to the gymnasium, and prepared to resist with all his might; but at the expense of some smart blows. 'Grippa and his associate, succeeded in taking him, and carrying him by force, to the school-room, which they reached just as the bell rang.

'What is all this, 'Grippa?' said Mr Hodgson, who appeared a moment after.

'I have brought you a prisoner of war, sir,' said Agrippa.

'I hope there has been no war in my peaceful territories,' rejoined Mr Hodgson.

'The young gentleman must tell the story for himself, I believe, sir,' replied 'Grippa.

'Let 'Grippa tell it; let 'Grippa tell it,' exclaimed all voices at once.

So he proceeded to give an account of the whole affair; and as he had not perceived that Charles Ackley was a mere looker on, he made no exception of him, but represented that all the northerners were on one side, and all the southerners on the other. One of us was just going to speak up for Charles, which perceiving, he winked to us to be silent.

Mr Hodgson seemed so grieved, that it was really quite touching to see him. 'I did not believe,' said he, 'that these young gentlemen could so far forget what was due to me and to themselves. Friendship is good; but to uphold a fellow creature in doing wrong, is not real friendship; and it is good to sympathize with the oppressed, but not to show your sympathy, by involving your-

selves in the commission of deeper injuries than those which the oppressed have suffered.'

'And Charles Ackley, too, he whom I have always held up to you as an example, is among the fallen; and I am ready to take up the exclamation of David, "How are the mighty fallen;" not the mighty in power, but whom I supposed mighty in the armour of virtue.'

He then proceeded to award the punishments. John Gibson was condemned to close imprisonment in his room, for a week, until he could learn to use his liberty; and the rest were deprived of the pleasures of the play-ground, for the same space of time. 'Your punishment is light,' said Mr Hodgson, 'for your offence was not premeditated; you obeyed

the impulse of the moment. When Charles Ackley falls into temptation, there must be some palliation in the case; his deviation from the path of right, furnishes some excuse for the rest of you; but if he live to be as old as I am, he will know that there is hardly any pang more bitter than that of disappointed confidence.'

Charles bore all this; and what do you think was the reason? He said that all his party accused him of desertion, and felt very sorely towards him; so that he was determined, by sharing their disgrace and punishment, to convince them, that it was no mean, selfish feeling, but a pure sense of duty, that kept him from joining them.

I have told you that our party were prevented by a sign, from vindicating

him, and the other seemed to think that if he did not defend himself, it was not for them to take his part. One of the Southern boys afterwards told me, that he was on the point of telling the real state of the case, in regard to Charles, but was prevented by a remonstrance from Gibson, who sat next him, and who said that he was sure the punishment would be lighter for all, if Charles Ackley was reckoned among the offenders. But I have spun out my letter, until it is a very long one. So good bye, my dear Emily. My best love to dear father, mother, and all. I shall seal my letter with Louisa's seal, and you must tell her to consider *that part of it*, as addressed to her.

Your affectionate brother,

HENRY CLEAVELAND.'

Emily read this letter aloud; and as soon as she had finished, Mr Cleaveland exclaimed, 'That Charles Ackley must be a noble fellow; which boy, Frank, do you think had the moral, and which the physical courage?'

'I think,' said Frank, 'that Charles Ackley had the moral, and John Gibson the physical courage.'

'You are right, my son; and I dare say, if Charles Ackley were to have a chance, he would show that he had physical courage, too; but if John Gibson had any moral courage at all, he would not have suffered Charles Ackley to share his punishment, for the sake of making it lighter.'

'Henry does not say whether he had any part in this matter; I should like to know how that is,' said Mrs Cleaveland.

'I don't believe that Henry would do any thing mean or dishonorable,' said Mr Cleaveland, 'but I cannot tell, until he is tried, whether he would be capable of such heroic conduct, as that which he admires so much in his friend.'

'Well, I don't doubt,' said Louisa, with whom Henry was a great favorite, 'that he is as good as any boy.'

All smiled at Louisa's eulogium. 'Perhaps we shall hear something more about the matter, one of these days,' said Mr Cleaveland.

'Now mother,' said Frank, 'won't you fulfil your promise, and tell me, about Lord Nelson's moral courage?'

'If you wish it, I will; but I thought that Henry's hero, Charles

Ackley, would entirely supersede your old favorite, Nelson.'

'No, now that I know what a fine thing moral courage is, I want to hear all about it, that I can,' said Frank.

'In 1787, when Lord Nelson was quite a young man, he was stationed in the British West Indies, and found that the Americans were trading there, taking advantage of the register of their ships, which had been issued while they were British subjects, for this was soon after the close of the revolutionary war. By the bye, Frank, do not forget to ask your father what is meant by the register of a ship, as he would probably tell you more accurately than I could. No foreigners were then permitted to carry on a trade

with those colonies, and Nelson thought it his duty to protect the commerce of his country, wherever he might be stationed. The planters of the islands, the governors, and other officers with a single exception, were all opposed to him, because this trade with the Americans was profitable to themselves.

When Nelson waited upon General Shirley, Governor of the leeward Isles, and told him how he intended to act, he replied that old generals were not accustomed to take advice from young gentlemen. Whereupon Nelson remarked that he was as old as the prime minister of England, and thought himself quite as capable of commanding his majesty's ships as that minister of governing the state.

Nelson gave notice that, after a

certain day, all foreign vessels found in ports would be seized. The commander-in-chief, Sir Richard Houghes, at first concurred with him, but afterwards sent him word, that he had received further information on the subject and had determined that the American vessels were to have free egress and ingress.

'Egress and ingress,—what does that mean?' said Frank.

'I can tell,' said Emily, who was listening to her mother's account. 'Egress comes from egressus, the participle of the verb egredior, which means to go from; and ingress comes from ingressus, the participle of the verb ingredior, which means to come to, to enter; do you understand?'

'Yes; now please to go on, mother; what did Nelson do then?'

'He said that he was reduced to the necessity of disobeying either his commander, or the acts of parliament, which forbade foreigners to trade with the colonies, and made it the duty of the navy, to see that their regulations were properly enforced. He decided to disobey the commander, who was so much offended that he would have superseded him, that is, put another officer in his stead, if he had not been aware that the whole squadron were on Nelson's side. The Americans, presuming upon the sympathy of the islanders, still hovered about, and four of their ships having been discovered by Nelson, at Nevis, they were ordered to hoist their flag, and depart within eight and

forty hours; but they refused to obey, denying that they were Americans.

Some of the crew, however, being examined in Nelson's cabin, disclosed that they were American ships, having only American property on board.

This circumstance occasioned great excitement, and under pretence that this testimony had been extorted by threats, a prosecution was commenced against Nelson. Damages were laid at £40,000, and Nelson was obliged to keep his ship eight weeks, for fear of an arrest. At last he pleaded his own cause, and was acquitted, and the British government approved his conduct; but you perceive he risked the loss of fortune, of reputation, and of station.'

'Yes, I think that was very noble,' said Frank.

'In several instances of his after life,' resumed Mrs Cleaveland, 'he acted directly contrary to the orders of the Lords of the Admiralty, a board of officers, at home, who have the control and management of the navy, because he said they were at such a distance from the scene of action that they could not know what was best to be done. In these instances, if he had failed of success, he would have lost the command, and with it his honor, and perhaps his fortune; but he said he was bound to serve his majesty in the navy, which he knew would be most effectual, whatever might be the risk to himself.

CHAPTER XXI.

There is a certain fault which almost all children have in a greater or less degree; can you guess what it is? It is called by different names, sometimes it is termed—wilfulness, sometimes pertinacity, and sometimes it receives the still harsher name of obstinacy. Almost all our faults are owing to the perversion or abuse of propensities originally good; and perseverance, when carried too far or expended upon unworthy objects, becomes a troublesome infirmity. Louisa and Emily, had, both, something of this infirmity, but differing both in degree, and in its mode of operation.

What are called *little things* did not trouble Emily at all, and on the contrary they troubled Louisa very much. But when any thing did seem peculiarly desirable to Emily, when she set her heart upon having her own way, she carried her perseverance to a degree, which deserved to be called obstinacy. She could *give up*, as children term it, with less effort, and more grace than most others; but if any thing determined her not to give up, she was immoveable.

'You are almost always in the right,' my daughter, her father once said to her, 'and Heaven preserve you from error; for when you once fall into it, you will be too apt to persevere.'

It happened, at one time, that she

and Louisa, were having some nice sun-bonnets made. Emily went for them, at the time when they were to be finished, and finding only one completed, immediately appropriated it to herself, because she was really in greater need of it than Louisa, who had one that answered her purpose very well. Louisa resented this, because, that being the eldest, she considered herself as having the first right; but Emily could not be persuaded to give up, although Louisa's equanimity was very much disturbed on that account. If it had been proposed to her beforehand, to let Louisa have the bonnet voluntarily, she would not have hesitated, for she was not selfish; but when Louisa claimed it as a right, she resisted. Her mother afterwards told her that she should always avoid irritating the pe-

culiar humors of her companions. 'You,' said she, 'would not have minded waiting for the other bonnet a day or two, but to Louisa it was quite a serious evil.'

And here let me remark upon the proneness which all children, (I would that it were confined to children,) have, to magnify the importance of little things. A strife often arises among them, about just nothing at all, from a mere spirit of competition. One says, 'This is my seat.' Another, who would not else have thought of desiring that particular seat, immediately regards it in the light of a prize, and exclaims, 'No, I meant to have that seat; and I had it just before you took it.' Half a dozen claimants will appear directly, and perhaps get into a serious quarrel—whereas, had the reply been, in

the first instance, 'Very well, let it be your seat,' there would have been an end to the matter.

But to return to Louisa. She magnified a thousand little things of every day occurrence, in such a manner, as proved a very serious inconvenience to herself. She wished to have her potato sliced, but never mashed. She could not bear to see a door open a single moment; and, even if she were at her meals, and the closet door happened to stand ajar, she would jump up and fly to shut it, with the speed of lightning. She could not *endure* the feeling of gloves; nor could she any better endure to have her hat tied.

Her Aunt bore with all these follies awhile, and then deliberately resolved to counteract them. Louisa at first thought this was very hard

and unreasonable. 'Why can't I have my potato sliced, Aunt Cleaveland?' said she; 'what hurt can it do; and why can't I shut the door when it is open; is there any harm in that?'

'Not at all, my dear, in the thing itself,' Mrs Cleaveland replied; 'but there is a great deal of evil in having your tranquillity disturbed by things of such small moment. If you allow yourself to be distressed by trifles, now, how will you bear the real trials of life, which you must inevitably sustain, sooner or later. By and bye you will find out that your suffering from these sources, is all imaginary; and then you will thank me for having restrained you.'

'Now here is this nice dish of mashed potatoes, which we have every day—if such a little hungry girl as

you are, since you have breathed our healthy mountain air, cannot eat it, and with relish too, I am greatly mistaken; and in process of time, I have no doubt you will cease to observe whether the door is open or shut.'

On the first day of trial, Louisa just tasted the potato, and left the whole of it upon her plate. Her Aunt took no notice of this. The next day Louisa came in to dinner, after a long walk, and was very hungry. There was but one dish of meat upon the table; and it was of a kind which she did not much like; so, forgetting all her repugnance to mashed potato, she ate it very heartily. Mrs Cleaveland, however, forbore to take any notice of this change; and it was not until after several weeks had elapsed, and Loui-

sa had ceased to think of the distinction between sliced potato and mashed potato, that her Aunt reminded her of the importance which she had formerly attached to the former.

'Now my dear Louisa,' said Mrs Cleaveland, 'since you find the task is not so very difficult as you apprehended, promise me that you will try to cure yourself of all these little infirmities; for such I must term them. There is so much real suffering in life, that it is a pity to have any which is merely imaginary; and though, while you are a little girl, living with indulgent friends, your whims might all be gratified, a constant and uniform regard to them will be impossible by and bye, when you are old enough to mingle with the world.

CHAPTER XXII.

Many weeks passed pleasantly away without the occurrence of any incident worth recording. It has been said of nations, 'Heureux est le peuple dont l'histoire est ennuyante;' and this is equally true of families. There is an agreeable excitement in reading a detailed account of calamities and quarrels which overwhelm a whole people with misery; while on the other hand, nothing is less interesting than the monotonous, unvaried annals of a peaceful and quiet life, though ever so delightful in itself.

Life was far from being *ennuyant*

to Louisa, Emily, and Frank. They were as happy as good habits, good principles, warm affections, and light hearts could make them. 'Youth is good, with its brow of sunshine and breast of peace.' The sunshine of these children was not often clouded; nor their peace disturbed. Under the benign influence of their good genius, Mrs Cleaveland, they learned to accommodate each other's peculiar taste and humor; which is the great secret of a harmonious intercourse. Even Louisa ceased to think that she must always have her own way, and did her full share in 'giving up.'

One day when Louisa was writing a letter, and asked Frank to tell her the day of the month, he had recourse to his little Almanac; and in

turning over its leaves, his eye happened to glance upon the memorandum which he had requested Emily to insert, some time before, that he might not forget his mother's promise to tell him something about signals and telegraphs; and he proceeded to claim its fulfilment, without further delay. Mrs Cleaveland, being at that moment engaged in fitting some work for the girls, did not object. 'In the first place then, I must tell you,' said she, 'that the word telegraph is derived from two Greek words, which signify to write at a distance, and is applied to machines which are contrived for the express purpose of transmitting intelligence from a distance, by means of certain signals, previously agreed upon, to represent either words, letters, or

ideas. Of course, you perceive that when *ideas* are expressed by signals, the communication is of a hieroglyphical kind. The word telegraph is never applied to the means of making signals which are employed in naval or military operations, although they effect a similar object. These signals are of various kinds; rockets; the sound of instruments; the firing of cannon; beating of drums; displaying pendants, ensigns, and flags of different colors, or having different numbers upon them; lowering, or otherwise altering the position of sails, &c. Of course, it is necessary that the purport of all these should be thoroughly understood beforehand, by all the officers; and that there should be a constant look-out for them. Accordingly there are offi-

cers whose particular duty it is to watch the signals, and for the observation of distant signals, a telescope is used. Imagine, for a moment, the scene which presented itself at the battle of Trafalgar, in which Nelson fell—the great number of ships engaged on both sides—and the various movements of the different ships—then calling to mind that no orders, either from the Commanders in Chief, or their inferior officers, could be received, except through the medium of signals, you will realize their great importance.'

'Yes, I should think they must be very important,' said Frank.

'Telegraphs are sometimes quite as much so; and though it is only in modern times, that the telegraphic art has been brought to much perfec-

tion, it was not unknown to the ancients, who employed fire and smoke, torches, flags, &c, in communicating intelligence from a distance. The knowledge of the taking of Troy, after a siege of ten years, one of the most celebrated events in antiquity, is known to have been received in Greece, much sooner than could have been effected by ordinary modes of communication; and a Greek play begins with a scene, in which a watchman descends from the top of a tower in Greece, announcing that Troy is taken, and says, 'I have been looking out these ten years, to see when that would happen, and this night it has been done.'

'How could that possibly be?' said Frank.

'It is not at all impossible,' said

his mother, 'if the signal had been previously agreed upon, and there was a line of stations, extending through the whole distance, which could communicate one with another, so that when the signal was perceived by the first, it would be immediately transmitted to the second, and so on. Every ancient city was furnished with watch-towers; and in the open country, hills were made use of, as stations for giving signals to troops, cantoned or foraging in the neighborhood; but there was hardly any variety in these signals, which usually signified nothing more than an order to the troops, for repairing to their appointed stations.'

'Aunt Cleaveland,' said Louisa, who was listening with a good deal of interest, 'what was the origin of flags?'

'It is conjectured, but with what truth I cannot say, that they were first used instead of a vane, to show the direction of the wind. It is certain, that they were very early used, especially at sea, where, with their various devices, they became the distinguishing marks of nations, and they form now so useful a part of the apparatus of signals, that by means of them, every necessary order may be given and acknowledged, and every necessary question asked and answered, by the most distant ships in the fleet.'

'I suppose,' rejoined Louisa, 'that the officers and men might as well be deaf and dumb, for any benefit to be derived from their organs of speech, amid the din and roar of battle; even if they could be heard

from one ship to another, when all was still.'

'You said, mother,' observed Frank, 'that there were telegraphic machines; cannot you describe one of these to us?'

'I could not make you understand my description, dear, if I were to attempt one, without the aid of a plate. I advise you to investigate the subject for yourself, as soon as you are old enough; and meanwhile, I will relate to you an ingenious invention of one Captain Smith, who was very famous in the early history of America. In early life, having the spirit of an adventurer, he went forth, as the stories say, to seek his fortune; and enlisted as a volunteer in the army of Austria, when there was war between that country and Turkey.

One of the Austrian officers, Eberspaught, to whom Smith had previviously chanced to communicate a method invented by himself, of conversing at a distance, by means of torches, was besieged by the Turks, in the town of Olympach, where he was cut off from all intelligence or hope of succor from his friends. Smith solicited, and obtained leave of the superior officer, Baron Kizel, to use this telegraphic communication with him. Accordingly, being conveyed by a guard to a hill within view of the town, and still sufficiently remote from the Turkish camp, he first displayed the preparatory signal, which being immediately recognised and acknowledged, by Eberspaught, Smith proceeded to communicate the following sentence. 'Thursday

night, I will charge on the East, at the alarm—sally thou.' The answer was, 'I will.' Smith kept his engagement, and the enterprise proved so successful, that the siege was raised.'

'Do tell us, mother, how that sentence was communicated,' said Frank.

'First three torches were shown in a line equidistant from each other, which were answered on the part of Eberspaught by three others, to show that all was ready. Then all the letters used in this sentence, from A to L, were signified by showing and hiding one light, as often as there were letters from A, to the letter designed to be used; and the letters from M to Z, by showing and hiding two lights in the same manner. The end of a word was signified, by

showing three lights; and at every letter, the light stood, until the other party could write it, and signify, by showing one light, that he was ready for the rest. Do you understand this, Frank?'

'Not exactly,' said Frank.

'Let us take a word, then—your name, for instance, and see how we would communicate it in this way. After three lights had been exhibited on each side, to show that all was ready, as there are five letters from A to F, I should show and hide a light five times, and the sixth time I should let it stand until you could put down F, and show a light to signify that you was ready for another letter. From M to R, there are five letters; so I should show and hide two lights five times, and then let

them remain standing, until the R could be written down, and again another light exhibited by you. For A, I should only show one light, and let it stand; for N, I should show and hide two lights once, and then let them stand until answered; and for K, it would be necessary to show and hide one light ten times, and then let it stand. Now do you understand?'

'O yes, I think I do, perfectly.'

'Frank,' said Louisa, 'you and I will try this experiment this evening, if Aunt will let us.'

'I have not the least objection,' said Mrs Cleaveland; 'only take care that your sentences are not too long.'

In the evening, therefore, Frank and Louisa stationed themselves at the extremities of Mrs Cleaveland's

parlors, which communicated by folding doors. Emily stood by Frank, to write down the letters communicated by Louisa, as fast as he discovered them. He attended with the whole power of his mind, and made no mistake; so that in process of time, Emily's slip of paper exhibited a complete sentence.

The first letter was O; and as Frank was eagerly looking out for the next, he saw three lights exhibited, to signify the end of a word. He whispered to Emily—'Louisa has forgotten, I am sure,' said he; 'it can't be that she means that for one word.'

'And why not,' said Emily; 'you know that they say children are famous for using O, and Ah.'

When the sentence was completed,

it read thus—'O how I wish Henry was here.'

Frank told Emily, who was to act the part of an assistant, that he should answer, 'I guess he wishes so, too.'

Emily remonstrated against the word guess; she said it was not worth while to take such trouble to communicate a word, which his mother had often laughed at him for using so much, and advised him to answer merely 'So do I.' He had a great attachment, however, to that particular word, and besides he felt a pride in having his sentence as long as Louisa's; so he insisted upon adhering to his first intention, and Emily was too good-natured to oppose him.

As soon as Louisa perceived that G was to be the first letter of Frank's second word, 'O Franky,' said she,

'I may as well write the whole word out at once, without waiting for any more light upon the subject.'

When the experiment was completed, they all agreed that they liked the amusement even better than a game at draughts or cassino.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The post-office was near the house of Mr Cleaveland, and the children were in the habit of watching closely the arrival of the mail, that blessed dispenser of good to society; for both Mr and Mrs Cleaveland had numerous correspondents, and the pleasure of delivering a welcome letter is next best to that of receiving it. One day a letter came, having the post mark of the town where Henry was at school, but the direction was in an unknown hand, and occasioned a good deal of speculation. Had our young friends been little older, some fears of ill news from Henry might

have arisen; but it is the privilege of youth to be secure from all presage of evil to come. They are too much absorbed in the happiness of the present moment.

When Mrs Cleaveland looked at the letter, she recognised a hand-writing which she had seen before, but forebore to make any remark upon it, so that the children had the full enjoyment of a surprise, when, as the mysterious epistle was handed to Mr Cleaveland at dinner-time, he immediately said, 'Ah! a letter from Mr Hodgson; it must be something about Henry,' and immediately proceeded to read aloud as follows:

'My Dear Sir—I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving you a gratifying piece of information in regard

to your son Henry, as I well know how dear to a parent's heart is a tribute paid to the virtue of a child. I dare say Henry has told you of an affair which occurred here among my boys about two months ago ; not long since, having some writing to do one day after school was out, I retired to one of the little recitation rooms adjoining the large school room, and the door being open I directly heard the following conversation between two boys who came back in search of something they had left behind. One who has but lately joined the school, said to the other, ' Will you come to my room this evening ?'

' No, was the reply,' I am engaged to go with Charles Ackley and Henry Cleaveland to carry a basket of fruit to Agrippa's wife, who is sick.'

'It seems to me that you are forever with those boys.'

'Why should I not like to be with the best boys there are in school?'

'The best boys! How do you prove that they are the best boys?'

'Why, I will tell you something that happened before you came here, which proves it.'

The speaker then proceeded to give the whole account of the affray between the nothern and the southern boys, and in the course of his relation, I learned, for the first time, that Charles and Henry had not been among the offenders, that they had been prevented by a sense of duty, from joining them, and then determined to share the punishment, in order to prove that they had been actuated by no selfish motive. I take it for

granted, that Henry has not informed you of this fact, which has been so carefully concealed from me ; for such a noble boy is seldom his own trumpeter.

Permit me, sir, to congratulate you upon the possession of such a son, the value of whose mental endowments is so much enhanced, by that nice moral sense, which is to the intellectual frame, what the spirit of the Almighty became when breathed into the original frame of clay, ' the breath of life.'

I am, Sir, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
SAMUEL HODGSON.

Louisa clapped her hands. ' Did not I tell you so ?' said she ; ' did not I tell you that I knew he was as

good as any boy?' then looking up and seeing tears standing in Mrs Cleaveland's eyes—'Why Aunt Cleaveland,' said she, 'I don't see what there is to cry about.'

'Don't you know, Louisa,' said Frank, that people cry for joy sometimes?'

'O I wish I could see Henry, this very moment,' exclaimed Emily. 'Only think, he will not be at home again until midwinter.'

'Mother,' said Frank, 'I think Charles Ackley and Henry governed themselves pretty well, in all that business—don't you think so?'

'Certainly, I do, my son; they must have governed themselves in the first instance in order not to join the combatants; and self restraint must have been still more necessary

to prevent their resenting the unjust accusation which they received, instead of taking the generous part which we all admire so much.

Little Grace's attention had been attracted by the animation of the scene. She understood it so far as to perceive that it had something to do with the praises of Henry; and took her part in it, by saying in a soft tender tone of voice, 'I love dear Henry.'

Mr Cleaveland did not long delay expressing, in a letter to Henry, the pleasure which Mr. Hodgson's communication had given him. To this letter, Emily and Louisa both begged to add a postscript, in which they found fault with Henry, for not having revealed the whole of his conduct before.

In his reply, Henry very modestly said it was true that in the first instance he had been deterred from taking a part with the boys, because he did not think it was the right way to settle a quarrel; but that as he was not so important a personage as his friend, his conduct did not produce so great an excitement; though he had not altogether escaped reproach; and therefore, it did not occur to him, that there was any motive for placing himself in the ranks of the offenders until he saw Charles' intention to do so; after which it was true he did not hesitate. 'You perceive, then,' he added, 'that I am far from deserving all the credit which belongs to him.'

'Better and better,' exclaimed Louisa; 'if his conduct did not place

him on a level with Charles, this letter does; and even a little higher still.'

'Place him a little higher,' said Frank. 'Mother, that reminds me of the ladder we talked about once, when we were reading of Lord Nelson. Louisa seems to think Henry has begun to climb that ladder.'

How do my young readers like the Cleavelands and Louisa? If you find them agreeable acquaintances, perhaps you will see more of them another time; but, at present, I must bid adieu to them and to you.

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